

FOR FULL PARTICULARS of the late Major Jewer's funeral—Territorial Topics—Scotch Bob—and many other interesting news items, SEE THIS WAR CRY.

THE



NEXT WEEK.—A Red Hot Appeal, by Mrs. Major Friedrich, of Spokane, also the popular song "Two Little Girls in Blue."

# WAR CRY



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**SOLD HIS LORD, AND LOST HIS SOUL,**

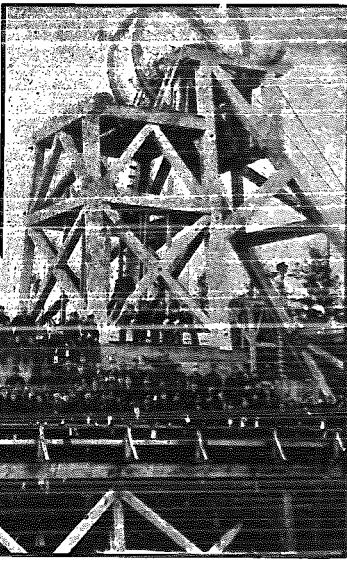


**For Thirty Pieces of Silver!**

◆ THE ◆

# BLACK DIAMOND CITY.

## NANAIMO CORPS HISTORY.



A GROUP OF MINERS, at Protection Island Shaft, Nanaimo.

THE next officer, Captain Gordon, was assisted by Lieutenant (now Captain) Ella Comstock. While they were in charge,

### Staff-Captain Cox

and her A.D.C. visited Nanaimo, and all officers' meetings were held. Crowds attended the meetings, and the woman-warrior, who has been the means of blessing and helping thousands, won her way into the hearts of many who do not often come to the barracks.

The Hindu march and meeting was an especial success, all the Const officers taking part. God bless Staff-Captain Cox. Her visit will not soon be forgotten by the Nanaimo people.

Two more officers, who have done their share in helping along the Salvation war in this place, are our old friends, Lieutenants Collett and Gooding—the former now a Captain in London Division, Ontario, and the latter is now Captain Gooding, of Prince Albert.

The next officer in charge was Captain Sarah Smith, during whose stay the present S. A. barracks was built, and on February 12th, 1894, formally dedicated by Brigadier Margot.

Captain Smith is noted wherever she goes for devising many original and unique special marches and meetings, whereby those people who are not "caught" by the ordinary methods may be lured to the meetings in the barracks. One night

### A "Runaway" March

was arranged. After the open-air on the usual street corner, the Captain suddenly called out, "Everybody come," and the officers and soldiers started to run to the barracks one way, the bandsmen, for their practice, in another.

No small commotion was caused on the main streets, and someone who saw them running immediately gave the alarm of fire. In a few minutes both fire bells were ringing, and crowds of people surrounded the barracks, supposing it to be on fire. The excitement was so great that some whose imaginative powers were extraordinarily strong, declared that they could smell the smoke, which of necessity must be somewhere in the building.

Of course it was a mistake, and placed the Salvationists in rather a ludicrous position, but the

### "Nanaimo Free Press"

explained it fully afterwards. Though the city has seen two very large fires during the past year, we can thank God that our barracks has been preserved, and we pray that it will ever be permitted to remain as a place where sinners meet with Him a pardoning Saviour.

After nearly a year of noble,

prayerful toil, Captain Smith farewelled from Nanaimo for New Westminster, and was succeeded by Captain Anna Patton, of Victoria, with her assistant Lieutenant (now Captain) Ada Thomas. God wonderfully blessed, and used these two during their stay in the city.

Everyone was converted, and the soldiers led into a higher standard of liberty and light.

After some months' fighting, the Captain's health, which had been failing, almost broke down, and she farewelled for Minneapolis, where she is now on furlough.

Lieutenant Thomas was promoted to assist Adjutant Archibald at the District Headquarters, and Captain Corlett took charge.

She fought alone, until joined by Lieutenant Carroll, of Manitoba, who is still doing her best to help seek the lost, with the aid of Captain Maggie Cowan, at the time of writing, in charge. God bless them!

We must not omit mentioning a branch of work that is not only progressing, but the corps to-day is reaping the fruit of seeds sown in years gone by, viz.,

### The Junior Soldiers' Brigade.

Not long after the formation of the corps, a book was begun amongst the children, which, under many different leaders, has grown and flourished. Of the number that have learned to love and serve Jesus at the little Junior meetings we with pleasure state the fact that some are taking their stand as true soldiers.

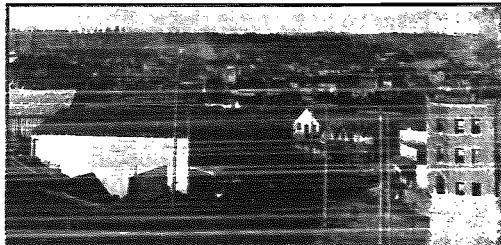
Sister Anna Sage, one of our lassies

fighters whom God has saved and blessed, was transferred into the senior corps after being a junior for some years, and our hand-lassie, Bessie Diamond, also started for heaven while young.

Another special line of work taken up here by the S. A. is the visiting of the hospital and jail. The corps is

A Veritable "League of Mercy"

in itself. Once a week, either officers



NANAIMO, from Bay View Hotel

or soldiers go laden with War Crys and words of cheer to those who are kept prisoners by sickness and disease, and leave a loving word has been spoken for the Master which will bring forth fruit some day.



FAMILIAR FACES in the career of the Nanaimo corps.

Every other Sunday morning the brass band, officers and soldiers march to the city jail, and hold a red-hot salvation meeting amongst prisoners. Several sin-stained hearts have there found deliverance from Satan's chain.

The War Crys, here and everywhere else, are eagerly looked for, the Nanaimo people know how to appreciate good reading and S. A. publications are always welcomed by our friends. We look forward to the time when they will be seen in every home.

Everyone will have read of the warm-hearted reception the Nanaimo citizens gave our dear General on his visit to our city. We felt it a great honor to have him in our midst and look into his face, for possibly the only time in our corps history. One disadvantage that we have here is that owing to the great distance from Headquarters, our leaders, Commandant and Mrs. Booth, cannot visit us as often as we would like, but a loyal and true-hearted welcome always awaits them here.

That it may be one whose influence in the cause of our God will ever increase, and whose fidelity will be the means of winning numberless gems for the Saviour's crown, is the prayer of each soldier.

JAMES SLACK.

## Vancouver, B.C., Did a Special Thing.

### KEEP OUT OF "RUTS."

We keep out of ruts and employ every lawful means to attract others to our meetings.

On Thursday night we presented the ten virgins. Five sisters dressed in white, and five in black, representing the wise and foolish, each carrying a lamp. The march caused a great sensation, attracting a tremendous crowd to our open-air stand. After songs and testimonies, we proceeded to the barracks, where, in spite of a ten cent charge at the door, we had a large and appreciative audience.

The parable was presented in truly Scriptural style. The lights were turned down in the hall, the ten virgins assumed sleep on the platform, the wise ones fixed up for the coming of the band playing lively music, the soldiers sang, "Trim your lamps and be ready for the midnight cry."

When the call came that all arose and trimmed their lamps, but the foolish virgin's lamp had all gone out.

While they were seeking for oil the wise virgin went out to meet the bridegroom, going into an ante-room on the side of the platform; then the foolish ones came along and tried the door, but they were TOO LATE.

After knocking and pleading to get in, and singing, "Too late too late never gone," they all came back on the platform, wise and foolish together, and entered into a testimony meeting, with a stirring appeal to everyone to get ready. Although we had no results, our salvation on many hearts, and we believe that the necessity of seeking salvation was impressed on many hearts. The meeting was a credit to Capt. Miner and the sisters who ably assisted her—Hibbert."

Three first days of September,  
And last of August, too,  
Are now the Settled H.P. dates  
The whole Dominion through.



## SPOKANE Headquarters' Notes.

### Oh, What a Change!

All our U. S. corps, two R. C. corps are farewell. Ensign Edgecombe and Cadet Morris are appointed to Helena; Capt. Ramsdell and Lieut. L. Ziebarth, of Spokane, go to Victoria; Capt. Stevens and Lieut. Lester, Butte, to Spokane; Capt. Melindor and Lieut. G. Ziebarth, Helena, to Great Falls; Capt. and Mrs. Gillette, Great Falls, to Missoula; Capt. Milner goes to Nanaimo, and Capt. Cowan to Vancouver; Lieut. Quant to Nanaimo; Lieut. Anderson to Vancouver; Capt. Corlett to Butte, assisted by a Cadet.

### Careering Round.

The Major has just had a trip to B. C., visiting all the corps, and returns via Kamloops, Revelstok, and Nelson, scouting these towns, and comes into Spokane over the G. F. & N. Railway, through the great mining district of the trail country.

### 65 Miles, Sir.

The Ensign spent Saturday and Sunday at Griffith's Corner, outpost, at a camp meeting. About 50 or 60 soldiers were present, as well as that many sinners. Nineteen soldiers drove over 60 miles to be present. The meeting was held in a little grove of Cry Tree Creek, near Brother Lander's ranch. It was a miracle where all the soldiers and people came from. It's a very dry, dusty and barren prairie country, and not a house within sight; still, we have nice barracks all alone in its glory on the prairie, with a good number of soldiers in that vicinity.

### "Do as You are Told and Don't Argue!"

The work has had a set-back thro' the evil of arguing doctrines, and the proper overlooking of the outposts by suitable officers. But still they are a live concern, and should be on the feet after sinners and Satan red hot.

Two got saved, and five sought, and, we believe, found a closer walk with God. One mother who had come fourteen miles cried and laughed for joy when her boy got saved.

### Hurrah! Mein Deutcher Bruder.

A German brother and his wife were a whole team. He testified usually three or four times in every meeting, and prayed in his own language like a steam windmill. He rejoices in having his German name translated in English to be Pancake.

### Good for the Osbornes.

It was quite touching to see the two Osborne brothers link arms and sing together; and more so when their father stepped up and put his arms around them, and said, "These are my two beloved sons, in whom I am well pleased."

### "With Both Feet now."

A saved cowboy, and a bartender, and a man who used to be a crack-jumper for the devil, all pitched in, lauging the devil, drinking on the waters of life, and jumping on the devil with both feet. Brother Sinclair and wife, formerly a newspaper editor, are proper warriors. Mrs. S. read the lesson and he testified three or four times in one meeting.

### All Hall.

Bro. Braden, an old timer from way back, who has been the person of the district around Hartline, was all played out, and could only speak with great hoarseness. He's an old war horse and loves the fight. Though we had great odds against us, we all got a big lift in our souls, and went home feeling in great glee.

# 30 Pieces of Silver!

Chink!  
Chink!  
Chink!!!  
• • • Oh, horror!  
!!!!!!

The infernal echo of the sound of those thirty pieces of blood-money must be ringing deep into his poor soul to-day.

!!!!!!

To turn a deaf ear to the last sweet warning of grace—to reject the Source of Goodness—to quench the Spirit's strivings—to put out the inward Light, leaving blank darkness—to lay the temple of the soul open to the Gavour of Hell—to go down, a naked spirit, into the desolation of Eternal Death—to feel the iron of Omnipotent Love towering in terror, and must be profoundly awful! Who CAN imagine the writhing anguish of eternal, self-chosen Sin in the full-felt presence of the transcendent and infinite holiness of the Omnipotent Jehovah? Oh! dire, dread doom, utterly awful to any lost soul, but still more awful to the man who, after having companioned with the Incomparable Life, turned coquettishly to embrace the rank skeleton of eternal apostacy—welling his Redeemer for THIRTY PIECES OF SILVER!

!!!!!!

Come up from the utter darkness, oh, thou lost man! I speak, from the flames of unquenchable fire—as would have done Dives—and warn thy brethren of the human race; and specially protest, from thy winding sheet of dripping flame, against the sheer madness of those who are imperilling their eternal interests for the like of thy pastry THIRTY PIECES OF SILVER.

!!!!!!

Ah! what is it thou sayest, in avarice?

Thou wert once sincere—trusted? Once denied self—took up the cross—followed Jesus—sought His interests—ran well—forsook a mercenary, self-centred existence to lay up treasures in Heaven—wasn't candidate and accepted for Apostleship? How then is it thou didst dive to the depths of perfidious treachery, even to touching that wan Cheek with the needful kiss of former communion? Think what it will do to them. Thou didst dive into the light of Heaven's Brightness! Then didst gaze at the Very Excellence of the moral law in human form. Thou didst snip with the Lord of Heaven and Earth—and thou knewest it was so, though His mysterious Personality was hidden under the form of a mere man.

Why didst THOU betray Him?

Some vowed they could now be out-and-outs among their friends where before they had been shy.

May God bless all the dear soldiers of the Big Bend Country and Griffith's Corner. We must send a shepherd to look after you! We should have some candidates from Hartline and You'reness soon.

The Ensign is endeavoring to organize another edition of "Shea's Army" at Spokane. You'll hear our sweet music soon. F.E.S.

### A SWARM OF FLIES.

Fly from self, and fly from sin,  
Fly the world's tumultuous din;  
Fly its pleasures, fly its cares,  
Fly its friendship, fly its snare.  
Fly the sinner's hastening doom,  
Fly and 'scape the wrath to come.  
Fly to Jesus—He's the road—  
Fly through Him alone to God.  
Fly to mercy's gracious seat,  
Fly, 'tis sorrow's last retreat;  
Fly to Christ, in deepest grief,  
Fly, and you shall find relief.  
Fly, and let your wings be love,  
Fly, and stretch your flight above;  
Fly while life and grace are given,  
Fly from hell and fly to Heaven.

—English Cry.

# HARVEST FESTIVAL NOTES.

TO THE PROVINCIALS—THREE PROVINCES TO FIGHT ONE ANOTHER—WHO COMES OUT TOP!—MAJOR FRIEDRICH WATCHES MAJOR BENNETT—TARGET OF \$1,000 FOR THE DOMINION.

### BY THE FINANCIAL SECRETARY.

I hope every Salvationist read the few notes and hints which were printed in last week's Cry, and that they will also take a careful look at the notes in this one, not forgetting those relating to Harvest Festival. The target has been set to each of the Provincial Secretaries, and if each Province hits its target the sum of \$11,000 will be raised, and a triumphant "hallelujah" will rise to Heaven from the victors.

§ § §

Perhaps it would be wise to give readers an idea of what the Provinces did last year, and in looking over the figures I find that they are as follows:

|                  |           |
|------------------|-----------|
| Western Province | \$1056.16 |
| Eastern Province | 1515.24   |
| East Ontario     | 1242.92   |
| West Ontario     | 1121.43   |
| Central Ontario  | 929.73    |
| Newfoundland     | " '0      |

Total . . . \$71,033

Seeing the hardness of the night in Newfoundland last year, and the terrible financial crisis all over the land, it seemed impossible to raise much last year, but actually if Major Morris and his comrades didn't raise the magnificent sum of \$226.10, now Major Sharp and his desperadoes have set their target at \$700. What aucky crew they are! And from personal experience I believe they can do it.

§ § §

Say, Major Bennett, can you raise \$2,000 this year? Major Friedrich, surely the Pacific Province should also do \$2,000! But I tell you what, I will stand by the—Province all the time.

§ § §

Then the Eastern comrades really ought to do \$1,600, while the West Ontario Province and the East Ontario Province should do the same. Now for a fight between Brigadier Scott, Brigadier Gargetts, and Major Morris. Then I should say that Major Howell's Province should do \$1,500, and why not \$1,600, and then keep up among the big lights in Harvest Festival matters.

§ § §

Of course we all remember the coronation of Brigadier Scott last year, and also have not forgotten his triumphant victory, but we do well to remember that Major Morris has taken the Bridge of Brigadier Scott's old ship, and of course he will steer for the harbor and keep up her name as a fast sailer.

§ § §

As far as the West is concerned, the old Western Province is, of course, now split into two, and it must be remembered that last year the B.C. district alone did the enormous sum of \$926.85, but to this has been added several corps the other side of the border, and I should not be surprised if Major Friedrich takes top place. At any rate, the Western Province and the Pacific Province have the same target. Last year the Western Province raised \$1,030.61, but then several corps have been opened since then, and no doubt Major Bennett, with all the new blood added of late, will go for the worst, and he and Major Friedrich will have a close race.

§ § §

With these few hints and suggestions to the brave Provincial Secretaries, I finish until next week, when it will be my joy to open out a few particulars of victories and past successes in connection with the gallant district officers, and remember, ye brave Provincialites that if you reach your allotted target the magnificent sum of \$11,000 will be raised during the Harvest Festival days.

NOTE: Brigadier Scott has decided to postpone his Harvest Festival two weeks later. Eastern people kindly note this.

### HARRY NOKES IN JAIL.

A U. S. Army Deserter Gets Saved at Butte and Surrenders at Missoula.

Mission, July 16, 1895.

To Major Friedrich, Spokane.

By the time you get this letter I will be behind the bars. I will be in prison here at the U. S. Army post, four miles from town. . . . I know I am going to have some hard nights while I am here, but I have God with me, and my cross seems to be easy already. I feel like a new man now. I will send you my past life as soon as I get time. Give my best regards to Ensign Shea. I will have to close. Remember me in your prayers. Good-bye!

HARRY NOKES.

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This comrade is the fellow mentioned in a former Cry, whom Lieut. Lester sold a Cry to in a dive at Butte, with his face blackened to represent a negro. He has given good evidence of conversion, and has lived a changed life for some time. God bless him! Pray for him, that he may be kept while in "durance vile."



leered are they that do HIS commandments, and they - may have right to the tree of life. -

## MAJOR JEWER

Braves the Ebb and Flow of the River, and goes Over to "The Great Majority."

### HIS FURLough EXTENDED ETERNALLY.

**The Silver Cord Loosed—The Golden Bowl Broken—The Pitcher Broken at the Fountain.**

From an UNSPEAKABLY PATHETIC, personal letter received by Mrs. Booth from Mrs. Jewer, we quote a few heart-broken utterances:—

WEST MERIGOMISH.—With deep anguish I write.

I am left and my little ones alone, to tell you all we meet him there. We hoped for the best, or what we thought best, until the very last. The last few days he suffered extremely with nervous prostration; in all other ways he seemed so much better. The doctor said Friday evening he seemed much better, the only difficulty being he was so weak. He rested pretty well Friday night, had so much better night than night previously. In the morning there seemed no change. I then brought him his breakfast, and found him so very sleepy. He would awake whilst I gave him a spoonful, then fall asleep. He would occasionally open his eyes and recognize us for an instant, and speak a word or two in the afternoon. We saw the worst was over, and he slept until he entered his rest. He never moved, nor was there a struggle, he just went from us as peacefully as though he lay as a child on his mother's breast. He never murmured as he lay sick. He often said he was

"So Tired."

"I am so tired," he would say, always mostly hopeless.

He said a few days ago: "There's my children to be trained for God, trained to fight," said he, "and fight in the ranks of the Salvation Army. They must FIGHT. And you must go on, GO ON! I want you to be a brave, holy woman of God."

"I have been a soldier," said he, "not the brightest, I know; but I haven't been a lazy one—I loved the fight."

I asked him another time if God did not spare him where he desired burial, Newfoundland, New Glasgow, or Toronto?

"You must let Headquarters decide," he never.

But he never talked much, he was so weak. He felt how much more he could do if God raised him up.

Oh, dear Mrs. Booth, my heart is broken, crushed, bleeding, yet there is an eye to pity, an arm outstretched to help, but it is so hard, oh, so hard!

Major loved you and the Commandant, you know he loved you, but you did not know the half. Your counsel and kindness no one appreciated so much as he did.

Jimmie wonders why Jesus took piano away. We wonder why, but He knoweth best.

Thanks for love, prayers, and help.

Lovingly yours to serve,

KATIE JEWER.

—END—

### A Right to the Tree of Life.

BRIGADIER SCOTT, grief-stricken, forwards a report of the funeral, written in the train on his way from the house of sorrow. He says:—

"SUDDENLY CAME THE NEWS to us in Annapolis, while conducting camp meetings, of the promotion of the Major to the redeemed throng.

MAJOR JEWER

desired they should be kept until he would be able to read them altogether.

"For three weeks his devoted wife was by his side, constantly ministering.

### Just Three Weeks

JUST ABOUT FIVE WEEKS AGO, meeting him in St. John, on his way to West Merigomish, I could not help feeling sad. How changed since I last saw him! That robust look gone, yet, with all his weakness and suffering, there was

#### His Beautiful Spirit,

expressed in language of hope. Then we saw little Jimmie, with his flowing locks and happy face, and baby. We had a few minutes together, and parted with him sorrowfully.

"Poor Jewer!" said Mrs. Scott, as we walked home. Knowing him as we did, it was impossible to keep back the tears. Had we not lived together, fought side by side, travelled by land and sea, morning, noon, and night, in the battle? Had we not seen his untiring energy, beautiful devotion, glorious self-sacrifice, and undaunted spirit, on the platform, in the open aisle, in the prayer-meeting, listened to his earnestness, his counsel, his desire for God's Kingdom? Had we not seen him life at home, in the office, his joyful spirit, his love for the Army, his desire to see things move? Had we not been cheered by his noble life, his joy, his strength, and now, to enable him weak, worn, and weary, how easily he could help, feeling sad?

"Ensign Alward and Ensign Gage, who visited him previous to his death, will give a report."

"Oh, that glorified spirit, beautiful, untiring soul, heavenly character that thou wast, would to God we had thousands like thee! May Heaven bless thy noble life, triumphant death, to the salvation of hundreds of souls!"

—END—

### "How Strong I Used to be."

"Before taking to his bed he was always busy and anxious about the war. Amidst all the pain and weakness, he would try and put a few notes together for the War Cry, notes for councils, etc.

"Knowing how much he suffered, his dear wife suggested he should wait until he got a little stronger, and then do some writing. 'Yes,' he would say, 'I know,' and explained how useful the notes would be for the future. Notes on councils for officers and soldiers, etc., were dotted down, and two articles for the War Cry.

"Mrs. Jewer was singing some choruses, one of which he joined in. That was the last song he sang:

"To Thy cross I come, Lord,  
There for me is room, Lord,  
Pour unworthy me, yes, even me;  
Pardon every sin, Lord,

Place Thy power within, Lord,  
And I from this hour will follow  
Thee."

We all know how he delighted in the songs of Zion, and who can tell but that scores have been led to God through his sanctified voice.

"Talking one day, he said, 'HOW STRONG I USED TO BE!' then continuing: 'Perhaps I am brought down to see what a worthless tool I am.' No one knew but God how much he would feel this. How he would plead to get people saved, and work on till the last!

"'To wait,' he would say to Mr. Sutherland, 'and I'll fix the house for you,' assuring him that he could do all painting and carpenter work. Always looking for the best.

"After taking to his bed he told but little, and never murmured. 'Yes,' he said, 'you must keep at the War Cry. I shall want to see them.' He was not able to listen to the letters sent from his beloved comrades, and

desired they should be kept until he would be able to read them altogether.

"For three weeks his devoted wife was by his side, constantly ministering.

### Just Three Weeks

from the time he was taken to his bed to the day of his burial. Two doctors were in attendance. His case seemed mysterious to them. Brother and Sister Sutherland, with whom the Major stayed, showed every kindness possible. His end approached near on the Thursday. On Friday he appeared a little better, and slept part of the day. On the Saturday he seemed brighter, and said he had a good night, and felt pretty well. It was, however, evident about noon that he was very near the river. Towards evening he grew weaker, and PEACEFULLY, CALMLY, AND GLORIOUSLY PASSED AWAY at ten o'clock.

—END—

### "Gone."

"A Christian, a Soldier, a Salvationist, GONE to the Army in Heaven, to his comrades above. GONE, to the blood-washed, the faithful, the martyrs, the prophets. GONE from us. GONE ON BEFORE!"

The impressive service held at the house was conducted by Ensign Alward, previous to the remains being brought to New Glasgow, a distance of ten miles.

"Unable to be present at this service, I managed to meet the procession about five miles out of the town. How shall I describe my feelings when I saw dear Mrs. Jewer and little Jimmie! Their glancing at the lifeless frame of my warrior brother, I could do nothing but sit and weep.

"I forced myself to sit and weep. I followed him in his last walk, followed him by his side to open-air conflicts, stood shoulder to shoulder in the battle, and now I looked upon his body being carried to the grave.

"With little Jimmie on my knee, I could only sit and

### Brush Away My Tears.

I wanted to say something to comfort the bereaved, but seemed so heart-broken, so unfit to render any comfort. I felt unworthy of the task allotted to me. The Christ who comforted Mary and Martha, and who comforted the widow of Nain, comforted us, and wonderfully sustained our comrade, Mrs. Jewer.

—END—

### "He Who Hath Torn Will Heal."

"AT THE BARRACKS, his motionless form was placed in front of the platform. The service was most solemn. 'My Jesus, I love Thee,' with the chorus, 'Hiding in Thee,' was sung for the opening. Ensign Andrews and Mrs. Ensign Gage prayed that God would be an hiding-place for us, especially for the bereaved ones. After Mrs. Andrews sang, 'When the chariot's lowering,' the writer referred to the loss of our beloved comrade. We have lost a brother, a warrior. He has gone home, going to his everlasting reward.

"Mrs. Jewer was assured of the love, prayers, and sympathy of the Commandant and Mrs. Booth, the staff, and field officers of the Dominion.

"I am not given much to weeping, but this was a day of weeping. It was hard to go on, nevertheless God helped us. We sang the Major's last chorus:

"To Thy cross I come, Lord,  
There for me is room, Lord,

"Ensign Alward described his visit to the Major's bedside. Touchingly did he refer to his life and work.

Ensign McDonald, of Montreal, dwelt on the good received from the noble life and council of Major Jewer. He looked back to his real start in salvation warfare to the time spent with his departed brother. He had

lost a comrade, one whom he loved with his very soul.

"Brother Sutherland spoke of his patience in life and death.

"Mrs. Jewer rose to speak.

"In weakness yet sustained by Divine power, touchingly did she review her beloved husband's victorious life and triumphant entry to glory. 'I know He who had torn

will heal.'

"How sympathy flowed out towards her! Our souls seemed thrilled with the presence of the spirit of him whose mortal frame we were singing around. How near Heaven appeared, how uncertain life, how certain death! We magnified the grace of God manifested in and through her.

"The writer read—"I have glorified the work which Thou gavest me to do."

**Major Jewer Did Glory to God**

on the earth, did finish the work given him to do. After an earnest appeal to the unused, the backslidden, the soldiers and officers to follow in his footsteps, one sister came forward.

—END—

### The Last March, to the Drum's Bull Throb.

ENSIGNS MCDONALD, COOMBS, ALWARD and ANDREWS marched at the side of their comrade. The band played, 'Hiding in Thee,' and 'Roll on, dark stream.' How the muffled beats of the drum make us think of our end, of death, and the grave. It was about four when we sat at the cemetery. While we sat, 'Shall we gather at the river?' the body was lowered into the grave. The Brigadier read Rev. xxii, dwelling on the words, 'Behold I come quickly, and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be.' When the roll is called, was sung, then Ensign Coombs reminded us of our responsibilities, our privileges, of death, and life, and the hope of eternal glory.

Ensign Andrews referred to a passage of scripture which had been read through his mind: 'Seeing that

**All these Things are Dissolved,** what manner of persons ought we to be, in all holy conversation and godliness, looking for and hastening unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ,' and urged upon all to live for God.

"Most tenderly did Mrs. Ensign Gage refer to Major Jewer. Sympathizing with Mrs. Jewer, she placed herself along with her little ones. 'Why, Major Jewer is in Heaven; I have imagined him in the heavenly country with my little Herby,' and while she spoke she wept. How the Holy Ghost moved on the crowd!

"Committing his body to the earth, we sang, with hands raised to Heaven, 'I will be true, Lord, to Thee.'

"DEAR LITTLE JIMMIE could not understand why his papa should be placed in a box, and why Jesus took him away. I am sure the readers will pray for Mrs. Jewer and the children."

"Turning away from the grave, we sang, 'In the sweet by-and-bye,' and 'I believe we shall win.' About thirty soldiers and officers were in line. Doubtless every officer in the East would have been present if possible.

—END—

### His Suppliant Voice from the Open Grave.

"After forming up for the night meeting, the officers, staff, and field urged upon all to decide for God."

Ensign McDonald read from Rev. xiv. 18.

The Brigadier read the following TELEGRAM FROM THE COMMANDANT:

"Constant in affection, faithful in service, unflinching in duty, was our beloved comrade, whose loss we mourn to-day, but his memory will inspire us, while his open grave calls for another to fill his place on the field. With heartfelt sympathy for the bereaved. COMMANDANT."

"A ringing and sympathetic volley was fired for the Commandant and Mrs. Booth.

"Two shots came out. An appeal was made for some one to fill the gap. 'Surely some one could go out of this crowd.' One man volunteered and offered himself on the spot. Memories services in all barracks in the Maritime Provinces."



## BRASS AND TIMBREL BAND, ST. JOHN, N.B.

FROM THE GENERAL,  
Concerning Himself.

I want my comrades to unite with me in thanksgiving to the God of Providence and Grace for restoring me to health and vigor to so large an extent. To be only partially laid aside from the fight — for, through mercy, while incapacitated for public work, I have not, for a single day, been compelled to cease laboring with brain and pen—would be a painful ordeal to any true Salvationist, and I need not say that it has been no easy task for your General. However, I thank God for the great improvement I now realize, and for the good hope I have of being myself again in a few days. Now, my whole being cries out for power, and wisdom, and strength, to make up for lost time, and to effectually fill the programme that lies before me.

Congrades, I am sure you will pray for me.

## "WHO KILLED JESUS?"

BY THE COMMANDANT.

## NEXT :: WEEK !

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF  
THE SALVATION ARMY  
IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

A Journal devoted to the salvation of the lost and restoration of the erring, together with the propagation of the Salvation Army's all-purposed work. Address all communications to the Editor, Salvation Army Headquarters, Toronto.

## THE GENERAL.

Thank God, our veteran leader is again at the front of the fight. Although forced by physical weakness to stay from an odd meeting occasionally, he refuses to give in, man the bridge, and faces the fight in the most determined manner. The passion for souls apparently burns within him like the electric flame in the carbon, compelling him to sacrifice himself for his Lord and "the sheep for whom He died." Prayer on the General's behalf is especially desirable now.

—O.O.—

## ONLY ONE WAY TO ESCAPE.

Harry Nokes, military deserter, now a Salvationist, although behind prison bars at Missoula, is a trophy of grace and a cause for thankfulness and encouragement to those whose all has been thrown into the Army's embattled efforts to save men. An even more striking instance is that of Elijah Brown, who, after a career of burglary, and effecting an escape from the Kansas Penitentiary, got saved at the Seattle corps penitent form, within a few days confessed his crimes to the editor of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, and waited re-arrest.

These things prove how real is the work being done, and, as Mrs. Wilson, a Buffalo lady to whom we recently restored some stolen property, remarked, "inspire us with new confidence in the Holy Ghost that He allows no man to get away from sin except on Bible conditions."

... . . .

## A Past Which Cannot be Undone.

Thanks be unto God for the thou-



Capt. Miller, Lieut. Ryan, Capt. Clarke, Capt. Gamble, Sgt. Mrs. Lane, Lieut. McIntyre, Capt. Campbell, Capt. Edwards, Sgt. Mrs. Jamison, Ensign Coombs, Capt. Johnstone, Capt. Carter, Lieut. Mathison, Lieut. Clarke, Lieut. McPherson.

This is a short account of each member of the band. We have held meetings at all the city corps, and God has blessed us very much; the uniform has been a great attraction.

1. CAPT. MILLER was saved in an Army meeting at Springhill Mines, nearly seven years ago; came into the field as an officer five years ago; has been stationed as Cadet as St. Andrews, Lieutenant at Digby, Lawrence, Bridgewater, Waterville, Halifax III., Carleton, St. John I., Hillsborough, Captain at St. Stephen, Charlottetown, Sackville, Sussex, and St. John III., where God is giving him victory.

2. LIEUT. RYAN was saved at her home in Annapolis, five years ago, baptised in an Army meeting, fought as a soldier until six months ago, entered the Yarmouth T. G., then came into Lieutenant to Carleton.

3. CAPT. CLARKE was saved in an Army meeting in Bonavista, Nfld., over eight years ago. Has spent four years fighting as an officer, and today loves the S. A. war, and delights to work for souls.

4. CAPT. GAMBLE is an old warrior. Was saved eight years ago in the S. A., Summerside, P. E. I. Has spent seven years as an officer, and now takes Fredericton. God has

blessed the work, and the Captain is determined for victory.

5. SERGT. MRS. LANE—Saved at St. John I. about nine years ago, has fought for God in the Army ever since. Many hearts have been cheered and blessed by her solos.

6. LIEUT. MCINTYRE was saved in Stellarton, at the Army penitent-form seventeen months ago. After fighting as a soldier for a short time, he entered the T. G., and from there he came Lieutenant to St. John I. The Lieutenant has spent seven years and a half of his life down in the coal mines.

7. CAPT. CAMPBELL is another old warrior. Was one of the first converts at St. John I. Nfld. Has spent seven years working for souls, and God has given her success. The Captain is full of fight still.

8. CAPT. EDWARDS, gave his heart and life to God in an Army meeting seven years ago. Has spent six years as an officer. Is now cashier at St. John.

9. SERGT. MRS. JAMISON, saved in the S. A., Westville, N.S. six years ago, has fought as a soldier, and for a short time as an officer. She is now a local officer at St. John V.

10. ENSIGN COOMBS was saved in an Army meeting 11 years ago at Bradford, Ont., fought as a soldier

nearly two years, then came into the field. Now in charge of St. John, N. B. District.

11. —CAPT. JOHNSTONE. Who is there in the East that does not know the Captain? She was saved at Halifax I. ten years ago, one of the first converts, and has spent eight years as an officer. She is now at Chat-ham, N.B.

12. CAPT. CARTER was saved nearly six years ago at Holloway II., London, England. Went through the T. G. Came to Canada with the new Canadians, and came to St. John with Ensign Coombs, where he is fighting to-day as a true soldier for Jesus.

13. LIEUT. MATHISON, nine years ago knelt at the cross, fought as a soldier until six months ago, then entered the T. G. Came to St. John with Capt. Clarke.

14. LIEUT. CHARLIE, saved at Car-boro, Nfld., four years ago. Has fought as an officer in the following places: St. John II., Hants Harbor, Seal Cove, Stellarton, N.S., Fairville, and now goes to North Head.

15. LIEUT. MCPHERSON was saved at Stellarton, N.S., two years ago. Went through the Fredericton T. G. as Cadet, promoted Lieutenant, and now to St. John III. with Capt. Miller.

## ONE OF THE BAND.

sands who are dragged from the maelstrom of infamy after this fashion every year through the Army's instrumentality, but—there is another aspect to this subject. He is re-productive, and, though the likes of the men referred to above be reached and saved, there are the peccatitious influences of their past life projected in ever-widening cycles, perpetuating their moral insanity through the receptive characters of the young of our country, for let it not be forgotten by every person who cares for "God, and Home, and Native Land," that running hither and thither amongst the boys and girls of to-day are those who a few years hence will fill the newspapers with the ghastly details of their crimes and occupy the murderer's cell in our prisons.

Now what are we, officers and soldiers of the Salvation Army, doing on the preventive side of this war? We who admit that we are commissioned of Heaven to evangelize the poor and drag the depths of every earthly hell for perishing men, what are we doing to stop the populating of those very places which now call the loudest for our help? We admit that much is being done, that the influence of our STREET CORNER WORK on the children is vaster than is usually realized, but what are we doing towards saving and making into Salvation Army warriors—natives of cities, of children of to-day? When the Army seriously sets to work it can do it; the children's work in Britain, with a "Young Soldier"

team, of every patriot, indeed, of every person who has any conception of the responsibilities of life, to seek by all means the regeneration and proper training of the children.

## The Junior War.

Now what are we, officers and soldiers of the Salvation Army, doing on the preventive side of this war? We who admit that we are commissioned of Heaven to evangelize the poor and drag the depths of every earthly hell for perishing men, what are we doing to stop the populating of those very places which now call the loudest for our help? We admit that much is being done, that the influence of our STREET CORNER WORK on the children is vaster than is usually realized, but what are we doing towards saving and making into Salvation Army warriors—natives of cities, of children of to-day?

When the Army seriously sets to work it can do it; the children's work in Britain, with a "Young Soldier"

weekly circulation of over a hundred thousand, is proof of this. Have we in Canada set to work seriously to save and train the children? Consider, there ought to be a raily here. What is that you say? "There SHALL be!" We say, "Amen!" Salvation for the children! "And Jesus took them up in His arms, and blessed them, and laid His hands upon them, and said unto them, 'Behold, I have given you power over all the world; go and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.'"

—O.O.—

HONOR ROLL. Unavoidably dropped. Great regrets and many apologies from Editor. Re-commence next week.

—O.O.—

"The Ram's Horn," which well deserves its name, has in its issue for July 27 a capital cut of Commander Ballington Booth, and a very appropriate, though brief, sketch of him. The Commander also contributes to that paper a stirring article on the Salvation Army, under the very proper heading, "A Modern Miracle." The article occupies nearly two pages of the Ram's Horn.



— AND —

## TERRESTRIAL COMMENTS.

BY THE COMMANDANT.

### Faithful, Therefore Trusted.

Major Jowler, the beloved of all who knew him, the trusted of all who confided in him, has gone to the Better Land, and "till we meet" we must wait for his cheery smile and the continuation of his greatly prized fellowship. Much as we are tempted to lament our own loss in the departure of a comrade and officer, who was among the number who could least of all be spared, our thoughts travel to the widowed one, whose loss is immeasurably great and sad. When we remember dear Mrs. Jowler and her ailing little ones, we reflect with Lowell, that tells of the one that is "taken," it isudder still in its reference to the other that is "left." To our dear sister comrade, so recently introduced to the love and consolation of a faithful husband, no word is so significant just now as that word "left." It is for us to do all that in our lies to rob it of its sting and to bring to the lonely heart what nourishment the milk of human kindness can afford. Among all objects for our prayer and all candidates for our sympathy, Mrs. Jowler stands foremost in this dark moment; these prayers shall go to God on her behalf, and that sympathy shall, without doubt, be accorded.

And what shall I say of dear, faithful Jowler? Better words could not have been than are the prefix of the word I have just now placed before his name. Chief among all characteristics of our smitten comrade was his fidelity. He was Jowler the Faithful, and because of that he was Jowler the Trusted. Now he is gone beyond the sound of human voice, and beyond the marring of human influence, we can say of him what we will, what his conduct deserves, and our heart's desire. For eight and a half years he was an officer, and during that time he has never, so far as I have heard or experienced, caused his leaders an anxious thought. Through all the Army's darkest days—days of sore trial and strange misgiving—Jowler always stood clear for the organization he loved and the shephered his flock to trust. Next to his fidelity was his cheerfulness. He always had the faculty of looking on the bright side of everything, and in consequence imparted a cheery influence wherever he went. Few men stood at the threshold of a quicker or surer road to influence and usefulness than he, and yet, notwithstanding it all, he is gone!

It seems impossible, but it is nevertheless but one more evidence of the truth which declares that it is in such an hour "as you think not,"

### Two Top Men to Write.

This is the last issue of these notes which will serve as a record of territorial facts, pure and simple. Hitherto they have largely served the purpose of recording events of interest in the field of the Dominion and Northwestern Territories. That was all very well while the Headquarters of the aforesaid territories were largely located under my hat, and its departments of work chiefly deposited within the limits of my travelling trunk. Now things are changed. The demands for that extreme and rigid economy have been somewhat less stringent, and the necessity and pressure of a chief and general secretary at the centre renders it less possible on the one hand for me to keep track of the immediate occurrences of the

campaign, and on the other, the more determined that the field should be made in the literary capacity of my writing, light-hand writing. Hence the resurrection of the Chief Secretary's Notes, and the issue of a General Secretary's Column. There is little question that both Colonel Holland and Brigadier Jacobi will be read with profit in print, just as they are regarded with interest in person.

### And Territorial.

As for Territorial Topics, they will be as opportunity affords, but will be serving occasionally for the announcement of more important matters, will chiefly concern themselves with general comments on the war and all that pertains to it. The actual progress, the proffered opportunities, the palpable neglects of the battle field, will furnish the text upon which this column will in future endeavor to hold forth. And more! It will be observed that the word "Territorial" has been added to the word "Territorial." By this it is intended to convey that a wider range of subjects is to be introduced, and that the world at large is to provide the writer with themes for encouragement, for counsel, and for caution. The difficulties and discouragements of one territory are often met by the triumphs of another.

### Harvest Festival.

The Harvest Festival is the question of the moment demanding the attention and renewed effort of every officer and soldier under the flag. For myself, I have little fear as to the result. Never was there a more beautiful, more loyal, and more united spirit among us, and there is certain to be a pull together, long, strong, and triumphant. Next week I hope to speak of the Provincial Targets and refer to last year's accomplishments.

### The Social! Sack.

Here, however, I must refer to the newest addition in the shape of the Social Sack. Now our Farm Colony is well afloat, and giving such promises of success, it is certain that the farmers of Canada will be glad to show their interest in it in some practical way. To afford such opportunity, and to help us with our struggle to save and uplift the poor of Canada, by transferring them ultimately from her cities to land of their own, we propose to endeavor to in-

augurate a new order of farmers, to be called "The First Fruit Farmers." Such will be pledged to set apart a small portion of their first-fruits each year to feed Lazarus, or help the system that lifts him out of his dilemma. As a reminder we shall distribute among them neatly designed little sacks, called the "Social Sack." These will be made to contain one bushel of grain, and the farmer will be urged to fill them with any kind he finds possible, wheat, oats, corn, and even grain, if possible. These sacks will be gathered and exhibited at the barracks, after which the Commandant will purchase them from the Captain for the farm, thus crediting the corps with their value to the Harvest Festival returns. Now, comrades of all ranks, here is, I feel sure, a splendid scheme; will you take it up and push it with all your mount vigor?

Then there are the unopened towns of the Canadian Northwest and British Columbia. Our Western Provincials are each anxious to distinguish themselves by extending the operations of the Army of Blood and Fire, and are simply clamoring for reinforcements in the shape of capable officers, to enable them to do it. In answer to their urgent appeals, the Commandant has decided on a number of transfers from Ontario, and among the officers decided upon are Ensign X, and Capt. Y., others are to know "We go also ready, for in such an hour as we think not," etc.

—Oxo—

NOW, THE DECISION to draw officers from already over-pressed Ontario has caused a fluttering of feathers among the Provincial Secretaries; not one of them, of course, has a single individual to spare, and on female officers there is special premium to be paid. I wonder if there is, it should be, that the Army is able to stand the many demands on its resources. Female officers, not only by the intermarrying of officers, but by the ever-widening circle of usefulness which the Army is opening up in the social and other work—all this makes it exceedingly difficult for the Commander-in-Chief to keep the supply equal to the demand; indeed, this is not done, for the demand is ever increasing. Happily, our Macedonian cry for assistance has reached the ears of the Foreign Secretary, who, with warm regard for the Canadian portion of the universe, has graciously offered the assistance of his chosen female officers from England. Needless to say, the Commandant accepted the offer, and an electric despatch announces the fact that the party will sail for Canada during the present month. We predict for them a hearty Canadian welcome, and a bright and successful career. Three cheers for the Hallelujah Lassies!

—Oxo—

MAJOR STREETON, who is visiting the Old Country, sails for Canada on the 27th instant. Mrs. Streeton has had rather an anxious time with the children during his absence.

—Oxo—

MISFORTUNE has overtaken poor Captain McHugh, one of the best known field officers in the Northwest. A few days ago he received the sad intelligence of his father's death through being gored to death by his own bull. Our sincere sympathies are with the Captain, who must return home to garner the season's crops.

## Chief Secretary's NOTES.

THE CHIEF SECRETARY has been called upon to take part in the resurrection—not the resurrection of the saints—but of the Chief Secretary's Notes. He therefore makes his little bow and presents his compliments to War Cry readers throughout the Dominion. They occupy a warm place in his heart. To them he feels like saying, with the Irishman: "May you live to eat the chicken that scratches the top of your grave." Enough, however, of the introduction.

—Oxo—

TWO THINGS are uppermost in our minds just now:

1. The Commandant's departure, and

2. The Harvest Festival.

There is always a "vacant chair" feeling in our hearts when the Commandant is away. We should be much better pleased if he could be with us always. That, however, is impossible. A thousand duties call him to every part of the country. Thank God there is none of the ease-loving Quixotes about him. He is ever willing to sacrifice his own feelings in the interest of the work. One thing consoles us: he has left Mrs. Booth behind. Her counsel and help can always be relied on.

—Oxo—

AN FOR THE HARVEST FESTIVAL, our brains are full of it. Major Head's department is an hive of industry. Letters of instruction, appeals, dodgers, and social sacks abound everywhere. The Provincial Secretaries, too, are no less active. From all accounts the effort this year is to be

### A Record-Breaker.

Each one has determined to outstrip his neighbor. Who will come out on top as yet remains to be seen. Brigadier Scott carried off the prize last year, and won the three-eyed peacock's feather. Rumor hath it that he is after it again. Will he secure it? We shall see. Meanwhile, get ready for some surprises.

—Oxo—

AMONG OTHER THINGS upon which the Commandant has set his heart is the development to the fullest extent of our possibilities in the States of Montana and North Dakota. As yet we have only five corps in these vast and flourishing territories.



An early morning start on a Manitoba farm—Now for the H.F.



SERGE-MAJOR and MRS. SMITH, of Waddington, who hold the dots in that place for two years without children. Fine a volley.

### The hassies' Brass Band.

BERLIN.—We have just had a splendid week-end. The Lassies' Brass Band was with us. On Saturday night, as the band marched to the open-air, the crowds on the streets seemed to be amazed, and looked as though they had never seen it on that fashion before. A great crowd gathered at the open-air, and the meeting was grand. Sunday meetings splendid, good crowds. Lassies played well, everybody seemed delighted with the music. At night two precious souls at the Saviour's feet. All glory be to the King of Kings—Captain W. Orchard.

# FOREIGN NEWS

## ENGLAND.

London to farewell THE GENERAL for Africa, Australia, and India, on August 5th, at the Alexandra Palace.

THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF held anniversary campaign at the Congress Hall.

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER is much better. She was at Brighton Congress Hall for Anniversary Sunday.

Called away: The eldest and beloved daughter—Gertude—of our dear friends, Dr. and Mrs. Heywood Smith, at the age of 24 years. There was a long illness, but a sweet slumber.

## DENMARK.

The scene of THE GENERAL's campaign changed from Stockholm to Copenhagen. 200 men and women seek salvation. Important social acquisition, in the shape of a large block of buildings purchased for a shelter.

There is an S. A. Steam Laundry in Stockholm.

## HOLLAND.

Great National field day. At the first shot from the canon, all the troops united at the station to receive Colonel and Mrs. Oliphant. The second canon was heard, the flag was hoisted, and all marched to a big platform where nearly 500 persons could find seats.

At half-past ten a large holiness meeting, led by the Colonel, with two other big meetings on at the same time, led by Major Schell and Staff-Capt. Dewilde (the Central D. O.) respectively. The 8,000 holiness congregation paid unwavering attention. Mrs. Oliphant, for the first time for two months, appeared in public. She could only say a few words, but they were full of piercing power. Soul in the penitent-form.

Musical Festival, banquet and grand march past.

## ITALY.

Major Marin reports that his mother has recovered from the recent attack made upon her by roughs. "Hard, but brave fight" is how our Italian Major describes the present state of the war in North Italy.

## NORWAY.

Property purchased in Christiania as a Food and Shelter to accommodate 160 men.

## SOUTH AMERICA.

Staff-Captain Pearce is promoted Major, and sails from England to succeed Brigadier Clitheroe.

## AUSTRALIA.

Brigadier Jeffries, on his visit to the newly opened corps at Bowen, Queensland, received a most enthusiastic welcome. The town band, of some eighteen performers, met him at the station, and at the night meeting crowds of notabilities assembled in the packed hall, a bank manager keeping the door!

## AFRICA.

Ensign Webb, of the League's Garrison, Cape Town, South Africa, who now sells 1,612 copies of the Cry weekly, the highest number at present sold by any single corps, challenges any corps in any territory in the world to wrest the championship from her. England, America, Canada, Australia, please note!

## INDIA.

It is getting to be the common thing in Ceylon for the Magistrate to sentence offenders to a month in the Salvation Army Prison-Gate Home.

Adjutant and Mrs. Gummell, from Bombay, left for London, on account of Mrs. Gummell's health.

## HAWAII.

A Salvation Army meeting in the jail at Hilo, Hawaii, resulted in the conversion of the jailer, a female prisoner and a blind man!

The first Hawaiian Candidate's forms have arrived at Headquarters.

The Candidate is a native born of German-American parents, and speaks the native language. May there be many to follow!

## BRITISH GUIANA.

Adjutant Widgery has sworn in forty-six more soldiers. They get Portuguese, Creoles, Coolies and English converts.

## OUR PRINTING DEPARTMENT, In Britain.

### The Army Again Vindicated.

The Printers' Federation, having received their ill-advised attack upon the Army's Printing Departments, Colonel Bremer thought it best to sanction an independent investigation of the matter. A deputation from the London Trades' Council undertook this duty, and have issued the subjoined declaration:—

[Copy.]

London Trades' COUNCIL.  
East Temple Chambers, 2, Whitefriars Street, Fleet Street, E.C., July 5, 1895.

F. A. BREMER, Esq.  
Dear Sir,—The result of the Enquiry by the Printing Trades' Group was submitted to our Executive last night and the resolution which I append herewith was adopted.

Yours faithfully,  
[Signed] GEORGE SHIPTON, Secretary.

P.S.—You can use this in any way you think fit.

"That the Printing Trades' Group of this Council, after investigating the wages and conditions of employment in that industry by the Salvation Army, having reported that they are convinced that there is no foundation to the statements made against the Salvation Army, this Executive determine not to take any part in the demonstration of the Printing Trades' Federation on Sunday next, and that the same is sent to all persons announced to speak who are members of this Council."

After this, it is not surprising that the Hyde Park Demonstration (?) came to naught.

## Our Mail Bag.

FROM PORTLAND, Oregon, an Auxiliary, who has recently visited Hong Kong, says:—

"They (in mission flying Army colors) are really doing a good work, according to the book they have in which they enrol soldiers. I think they must have about twenty or thirty on the rolls. Hong Kong is a very large naval and military station, and hundreds of merchant vessels, both steam and sail, are continually in and out of the port. There is a C.E. Seamen's Mission that is doing a very good work, but outside of that there is very little effort put forth in order to seek and save the lost. Some of the church people think the S. A. did not want them, but I do, and did presume to differ with them in this explanation that the S. A. always carries a blessing with it for the Church, for it fires up and sharpens dull church members, and increases membership, besides seeking and saving the so-called dregs of humanity."

WANTED—MEN! Men in whom God dwells. Are you one? Will you volunteer for this new field, which, by the providence of God, is being forced upon the Army?

—:—

Charlottetown.

Lieutenant is a great War Cry seller. Sold 83 outside, and 80 at the door this, or rather last, week. "We are boosting the Cry as well as we can, and expect to be able to sell out our 800 a week. I think this week's number exceptionally good." ETHEL GALT.

—:—

Spokane.

AN ARTICLE like the Commandant's "The Prophet's Duty," taken at all, and has gained many friends right here.

Keep believing for more Bible read-

ings from the Commandant, Major.—

Ed.

Spokane.

YOU ARE DOING ALL right with our Cry. She's taking well here, and more power to you.

The next idea is to increase its sales, or sales. Montana and this Spokane should sell more. F.E.S.

—:—

OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT at Victoria says the people were very pleased with the issue of the paper with the pictures of the shelter, and bought it well. The Cry of June 22nd was greatly in demand, there being a song inserted to the tune of "Two Little Girls in Blue," which was sung no less than ten times that week.

Comrades I send more songs to the popular tunes of the day.—ED.

—:—

MAJOR STREETON says: "I was to return by the 'Mongolian' July 18th but owing to four days' meetings, conducted by the General, and three of those days special Staff Councils, I am detained, and shall not be able to leave Liverpool until the 25th of July, by the 'Numidian'."

Welcome home, Major.—ED.

—:—

SEVEN YEARS AGO Bro. Donegar, now of the Coal and Wood Yard, Toronto, recently of the Hadleigh Farm Colony, England, was a soldier in the Queen's Army. "Nobby Clark," of the Royal Engineers, was a fellow slum, and here is Nobby's letter to Donegar, after being seven years out of each other's ken:

"Dear Sam,—I was at a dear Christian friend's house the other day, when I chanced to notice on the table a copy of All the World. Curiosity prompted me to open it, and about the first page opened by me I noticed your dear, old face. I was very pleased, indeed, to read that you had reformed. It seems hardly true, Sam, that you should have changed so well. Thank God, you are an old chap, and very pleased I was to hear it, and I read the few words about you, and then I said to my future wife, 'Why, that is Sam Donegar, an old chum. I must write to him.' Ah, Sam, many a day's pack have we done together, and now, to think you are on the right road! Well, old chap, I have reformed to a certain extent, turned a teetotaler and all the rest, and once professed Christianity, but I tell, old boy. Well, I hope, if this letter reaches you safe, and I should have one from you, and answer it, I may be able to say, as I did for a short time, 'It is well.' Now, old chap, good-bye. All good wishes to you, from an old chum, Nobby Clark."

—:—

GRAND BANK.—We can report a week of victory. We are rising like the tide. Sunday, God came. At the night meeting, when the offer was given, TWO came out and got blessedly saved. —Captain D. Moulton Lieut. Green.

MORTON'S HARBOR.—After spending a little over ten months among the dear people of Dildo, farewell orders came for this place. Found the people here very easily engaged in the fishery. Am going to throw the net over the right side.—Captain Mercer.

YARMOUTH, N. S.—CAPT. PUGH AND WIFE us for Saturday and Sunday. FIVE DEAR SOULS knelt at Jesus' feet, four for pardon and one for the blessing. God is indeed with us. The people of Yarmouth are feeling the weight of their sins.—Captain Jones, for Eugenia Dea Brissey.

CHANNEL.—It was three o'clock in the morning when we arrived. We found his estate majestically ruling this part of the island, and so off came our coats to do what we could against him. Since we have been here FOUR SOULS have come to God and got liberated.—Jas. Jones, Cadet.

CARBONEAR.—Saturday night we welcomed Cadet Ford to this place. He had to travel 100 miles over land and water to get here. To-morrow night will be another welcome to our brand new D. O., Ensign Crichton. While out visiting three miles in the country at Victoria village, we had the pleasure of pointing a real old, hardened sinner to Jesus. He poured out a complaint of 70 years' wrong-doings, and Jesus freely took him in. Hallelujah!—Captain Geo. Thompson.

—:—

## THE LATEST!

THE KING'S BUSINESS REQUIRES HASTE

## The General in Scandinavia.

General's Scandinavian Campaign a huge success. At Copenhagen great gatherings and multitudes of conversions. Christiana, splendid beginning National Councils. Two great days in open-air. First day tremendous march, thousands on streets, magnificent welcome meetings. Weevil open-air theatre. Second day, three glorious meetings great natural amphitheater. Three thousand present night; sixty souls for day.

## The Chief-of-the-Staff in London, Eng.

Chief of the Staff at Clapton, Congress Hall, London. Great victories. Midnight meetings and marches. Our criminals, a West-End swell, tea other sinners cry for mercy at a London street corner; sixty-six at the meety-eat.

## The Pacific Provincial Secretary's Tour.

Major Friedrich at Victoria, B.C.—Big reception—monster open-air—welcome banquet—two souls. Ensign Edgecombe and Cadet Marie farewelled for Helena, Montana.—Everybody best of spirits.

—:—

## The O.S.C. Investigation Party.

Rousing reception at Fort William. Everybody delighted with words of cheer and good will. Capt. Arthur Elliott, and Capt. and Mrs. Elliott, and corps, at depot. Commandant introduced the visitors in bright, open-air meeting. Everybody wished them Godspeed.

E.O.J.

## LIBEL ACTION AGAINST THE BRITISH "WAR CRY."

### Claim for Damages, \$10,000.

Toward the end of May last, the Chief of the Staff visited Chatham. In the "War Cry" report of the Chief's meetings, the following reference to a popular resort was made:—

"But there is in Chatham, as elsewhere, an appalling degree of public apathy on the drink and prostitution matters, and while we sleep the enemy is making progress, threatening his way by newer and more refined tactics. I consider, for example, that what are described as 'Winter Gardens' near to Military Road, are clever death-traps to the morals of the young of Chatham than score of drinking saloons of the 'Duchess of Edinburgh' type, and how it is tolerated, with two flaming saloons on the opposite side, is more than I can understand."

To this the proprietors of the "Winter Gardens" took exception, and have entered an action for libel against the General and Colonel Bremer, with a claim for damages, \$10,000.

## JUBAL'S BRIGADE.

These comrades are meeting fitness and success everywhere along the tour. At WOLVILLE the Methodist church vestry was left. At HANTS-PORT the nice hall given gratis, and a drum loaned by the local band. At Glenhouse, also, the church was loaned. At WINDSOR we are sorry to find the Ensign and his little ones had been sick. At BERWICK two ministers assisted. Two souls. At Brigatawn a good meeting in the Victoria Hall.

"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,  
Land of the mountain and the flood."



## SCOTCH BOB, MODERN PRODIGAL.

A Serial Story.

### CHAPTER IV.

"The younger son gathered all together and took his journey into a far country."

WITH MY HEAD ON HIS SHOULDER, I told my father that time "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." I told him I did mean to do better, and be a nobler lad. The old man was weeping, too, long before I got through, and he knelt and prayed for and with me.

After that he let me out, but I begged to go back to college, but he would not hear of it, said the

#### Force of Companionship

was too much for me. I worked in the art school a little while, to put in my time, till one day he called me into his office, and turning his chair round on the pivot, he pursed a moment, and then asked, solemnly and sadly:

"Bob, what am I going to do with you?"

"Father, I don't know," I replied. Then he went on to tell me that the rest of the family did not believe in my repentance, although just then I was doing as well as I knew how. He told me some advised him to turn me out, but he didn't want to do that—I would like to give me another chance, but it was no good for me to remain at home, just putting in my time. He said he had been pleading with God on my behalf, and he felt surely He would help me. One of my brothers was out in Canada, so he had decided to give me another chance, and sent me out.

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SO I LEFT MY HOME IN BONNIE SCOTLAND and sailed for Canada. Father bought me my outfit, and with a few pounds in my pocket I said good-bye, with many promises to my father, when he kissed me affectionately as I left the station.

(But, oh, was he changed when I saw him once more!)

#### Only Nineteen, and an Outcast

from home, I felt myself, as I leaned back in my seat in the train, and pulled down the blind.

On the steamer I acted the very Pharisee of goodness, kept away from bad company, and reproved anyone I heard swearing. Afterwards, out in

the West, I could scarcely speak a sentence without swearing. God forgotten, and my poor, old father's command forsaken.

I went straight to CALGARY. We were snowed up two days on the way, snowed up on the North Shore. In Alberta I found my brother, he had learnt to swear like the rest. God was not taken into account there. All thoughts of Him shrank out of my life. As the name of God was struck out of the statute books of France, so it was left out of all reckoning in the ranch, except when it was taken in vain.

Within six months of my arrival I had the hardest name of any curse in that part for swearing. I became so foul-mouthed, and I scarcely wrote home at all to my father, in spite of my promises.

That was in 1887. There I lived ON THE ROLLING PRAIRIE, amidst the popular blocks and the swampy lakes, and thousands of cattle.



"I WINTERED WITH THE INDIANS."

The first job I was set to was making tea and cooking for the rest of the crew. There was no woman on the route.

My brother kept a stopping-place on the prairie trail. There the stage-drivers would call, pulling up and settling down, between Calgary and Edmonton, stabling the horses, and paying fifty cents for every meal. We made money there. All supplies and people came past our place, every living soul of them. Thirty or forty carts would come along—two-wheeled carts, with half-breeds, or Indians. They pitched their tents and rolled themselves into their blankets. In the distance there we could see the snow-capped Rockies.

I remember how the Incessant Croaking of the Frogs

impressed me on the prairies first, especially in the evenings, whilst I stayed at home to keep house, cooking, milking the cows, setting the milk to skin, putting up meals for the travel—baking the bread, or rounding up the cattle. My brother had twenty or thirty head, and five or six men cover.

Then I rode the coyote, or Indian pony, leaping on its back without a saddle, and no hat, and tearing off across the prairie, over the beautiful green grass and the wild flowers.

And the coyotes, lots of them—how they did howl! What a change, from my father's silver and wedgewood, to those tin plates and iron spoons. But

I got properly broken in. I didn't care to tread a lynx once, saw it up in the fork of two trees, wondered what it was, and climbed up after it. When I got near, I saw it and heard it spit and growl. I began to wish I'd left alone. I killed it, however, and took it home—much to my brother's surprise.

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After a while I FELL OUT WITH CHARLIE, and went off to another man, a Frenchman, and hired with him at a trading-post on the Red Deer River. A trading-post generally consists of a few settlers' houses, and a store, where they kept beads, calico, knives, powder and shot, blankets, rifles, etc., to trade off with the Indians for furs, etc.

I hired with that French Canadian to cook. He was boarding some of the Mounted Police. I stayed two months with him, till a couple of Indians came along to trade furs. I had

#### Read Fenimore Cooper's Novels,

and got quite an interesting idea of the noble red man. I had picked up quite a few words of the Cree language, too.

So I addressed them politely:—"Tans keetunatchahnoo anooch ka kiesigak?" (How are you to day?)

But all the fellow did was to stare at me! At last, however, by the help of a half-breed interpreter, I gave them to understand I should like to accompany them back to their settlement. They agreed, on condition I provided my own provisions, and found my way back. But they pointed to the sky, that was quite clear but for a few clouds, then, with signs and gestures to the effect that there would be snow before night.

It, we put on every bit of clothing we could muster—no undressing to go to bed, thank you, in an Indian camp!

I went hunting and shooting prairie chickens in the day, and at night I would lie and rub my toes, with the cold, and pray for the morning.

I had put all my supplies of food in the general pile at first, and that seemed to win their confidence, and after that we shared alike, whether we had much or whether we had little.

There in those dismal days

#### I Lost all Count of Time.

I did think of God a great deal. I got no home-sickness, and no heart-ache, no books, no letters, nothing; shut off from all communication, I used to lie and cry, and cry, thinking of home and father.

One day those Indians called the sacred day, Armasay Kissesun, but the only sign of religion I saw amongst them was when the half-breed would take a handful of mesi and throw it up into the air to the Great Spirit, Keeches Manitou. But they were terribly superstitious about ghosts. The aurora borealis they call "Minimukoo cheeple." They think it is caused by the appearance of their departed forefathers, dancing in the sky.

March they call the "CHACK-STICK MONTH" because the cold makes the branches crack and crackle. April is the "FROG-MONTH," because the frogs begin to sing. (Well, I glad to hear them!) (To be continued.)



"I MUST HAVE LOOKED A WILD AND WOOLLY SPECIMEN OF THE WEST."

#### Encamped Near Griffith's Corner.

AN ARMY CAMP MEETING was held in a grove near Griffith's Corners, in Adams County, Washington.

About twenty soldiers from Voodhees outpost were in attendance, under the leadership of Sgt.-Major A. Bradley. Soldiers were also present from other places, and all went to work with a will for the salvation of souls.

It was very hard, however, to reach the people, and there had been so many quarrels and disputes over religious matters that outsiders became disgusted, while some professors had even gone back to the "pegarly elements of this world." The meeting lasted over Sunday. Two souls were saved, and six sought the blessing of sanctification, and were enlisted. Lt.-Col. Shee, of Spokane, was present and informed the outpost people that an officer would be sent there as soon as one could be found. The Indians made a good many friends while here and a collection was taken up to pay his expenses. We consider the meeting a grand success. J.S.S.

ST. JOHN III.—This is our special month of soul-saving. God has honored us with TWO SOULS, who sought salvation. On Thursday night we had a united meeting. L. A. L. B. G. B. came to the front, also the welcome meeting of our G. B. M., Captain and Mrs. Pugh. God bless them in their union.—J. R. McPherson, Lieut.

MONTON, N. B.—SEVEN SOULS last week six at the meetings, one while visiting. Two of these souls especially made our prayers and sympathy. They were respectively the mother and wife of a man who was drowned last Monday, and who, we fear, met his God in an unprepared state. God is saving souls in the district. The volunteers of N. B. have been in camp at Sackey, and SEVEN SOULS have been sent away with glad hearts over sins forgiven. Capt. Dogge is having souls, too. I had the pleasure of enrolling three of hers last Thursday night.—Lieut. Bradley.



SUPPLIES FOR THE HARVEST FESTIVAL.

## Our Perplexed Column.

I would like your advice on my case. I am a soldier in Peterboro's corps. I work as clerk in a boot and shoe store, having very little chance of getting an exercise while keeping the books and waiting upon customers. I have been advised by doctors to take plenty of exercise, I have joined a gymnasium for the sole purpose of physical exercise and development. I let it in no way interfere with my meetings, and take no part in public exhibitions. Since joining, I feel better than I have for some time, and feel that it is very beneficial to me, but as two of my comrades object to my going to the gymnasium on the ground that it is mixing up with the ungodly too much, I thought I would ask your advice. Two others, comrades (exception, these two), and D. O.'s have friends of my case, and think I have taken a good course. I myself feel not the slightest condemnation, else would at once give it up.

ALBERT.

ALBERT.—Your position as a Salvation Army Soldier commits you to a life fully consecrated to Christ, which life should be exhibited to the world in continued endeavor to uplift your fellowmen. With this aim in view, you will probably see that it is not expedient to put in your time at the gymnasium. Your duties and opportunities as a soldier furnish you with all the exercise you need. Then there are the poor to whom you are specially sent. Are there no poor, old widows whose gardens you could till, and so procure the vegetables for winter? There are many others which will doubtless present themselves to your mind by which you can not only get the requisite bodily exercise without harm, but can do direct good to others at the same time. Tell you of better ones, (1) try an early morning walk in the fields for prayer and communion. Take a big type testament to read and pray over. (2) Storm the saloons and public resorts with War Crys.

## USEFUL INFORMATION FOR OFFICERS and SOLDIERS.

### Domestic Tit-Bits.

What should I do when my dress or coat gets marked or stained?

Pour boiling water over some jump ammonia (not too strong), or buy a little liquid ammonia, and put half a teaspoonful to a tea-cupful of water, and sponge or rub the stains. This is also good for removing the shine from clothing.

If I am caught in the rain, how should I save my bonnet from spoiling?

Directly you get in, slip a piece of clean paper under the band, to keep the blue from running into the red. Then stand the bonnet on a table flat on the crown, and smooth out the strings and spread them to dry.

If the bonnet is soaked and dripping, take the band right off and pin it full stretch out on a wall or table, so that it may dry smooth.

If you want to clean your bonnet, take the silk off and rub well with coal oil; then iron, and leave in the air to remove smell. Paint the straw with Brunswick black, diluted with turpentine, or with satin polish. A little gun and ink will also freshen up straw for a time.

Never wet your silk or strings before ironing. It spoils them.

If your cap looks faded, sponge with ammonia and water, in proportions as mentioned above. Have a new band occasionally.

Hats or bonnet bands can be cleaned by sponging and rubbing with benzine.

### THE VERY, VERY LATEST.

Major Read writes:-

"July 24, 1895.

"Dear Editor:-  
"God has given us a darling, strong, little, lassie babe. It is not the Lord GOOD?"

"P.S.—Mrs. Read doing fairly well."



LONDON.—We are still in CLEVELAND, having good times. We are spending this Saturday night at No. 11, corps. This is the corps of the city, under command of Captains Kenyon and Turner, two of the oldest and best known officers of the Service.

We held a grand open-air, nestled by No. 11 Brass Band, indeed a credit to the city. Inside we had a full house, which means about four hundred people. The meeting was one long to be remembered. Capt. Kenyon asked for a collection, and placed her target at \$10, which in seven minutes was accomplished.

Sunday morning, BRIGADIER COUSINS, the Ohio staff, and the Naval Brigade. Held a grand holiness convention, and we left this meeting

### Like Giants Refreshed.

In the afternoon we met at No. IV, some miles to the west, and held grand open-air and inside meetings. At night again, STREETS BLOCKED and traffic stopped. Here and there we can hear them asking, "Who are they? Where are they from? What does it mean?" And to all this we can say, "They are the Salvation Marines, the wonders of the day. Every man who reached the tail-end of the great march we reached the tail. Every seat was taken up, and the crowd stood on the sidewalk until the police had to clear the people away.

On, for larger halls and more time. From the commencement of this meeting there was a power that is not of man, a stillness. Oh, for more of

### That Stillness of God!

At the close of this meeting we had the joy of seeing sinners weep their way to Calvary. Nine precious souls brought to the kingdom.

One of these, a bright young man, emptied his pockets of the TRASH OF SIN. Out came the tobacco and cigars, and to cap it all, a quart bottle of whiskey. This is only one of the sights of its sort. But I can assure you we have seen

Lines written and presented with a bouquet of June flowers to the officers and crew of the S. A. yacht, in Goderich Harbor, 16th June, 1895:-

This gave the boys a rest, and on Tuesday morning we left for BLENHEIM. Here we spent one night.

Next morning bright and early we were off again for ASHTABULA. Here there appeared to have been some mistake. We were announced for the 14th, 20th, 21st, and arrived on the 17th. Even with all this, we had grand meetings, big crowds, outside and in, and all went with a swing.

We left Ashtabula for a week in Canada. We arrived in ST. THOMAS. Here we were blessed with a Heavy Downpour of rain.

We are now in LONDON, and pray that our stay here will be one of great blessing to all.

J. V. AMIES, S. C.

Lines written and presented with a bouquet of June flowers to the officers and crew of the S. A. yacht, in Goderich Harbor, 16th June, 1895:-

Thy youth is welcome to Huron's pride—

Goderich, on proud Lake Huron's side; With banner unfurled to wave o'er

men, That those in sin may be born again

Of the Spirit that strengthens the good.

With true faith in God's heavenly food,

The Gospel—that with undying light Turns to early dawn the darkest night.

Make thy anchor safe in ev'ry port, To draw men's souls to the Saviour's court.

ELOISE A. SKINNINGS.

Composer of "National" March.

niture, etc., called one day. And now our quarters looks like a quarters. Two good desks, letter press (not that patent one whose cut was in last week's Cry), tables, chairs, etc., etc., and a cart for Otto.

That's enough figures. But the postman called again, and brought more papers and letters, with P. O. orders and draft on San Francisco and New York, and Spokane, to pay for the War Cry and goods.

A regular and good kind of a barrel and sld down a log staves on the fourth of July, to amuse a lot of pleasure seekers, when the barrel jumped from the staves and almost killed the poor man.

(Make a picture of a staves going down hill into a lake, and barrel jumped off into the air.)

(Haven't time, Ensign, leave it to "fertile imaginations."—ED.)

F. E. R.

### A WIRE CREATES A SENSATION.

INGERSOLL—Hustle, bustle, and change has for some time been the order of things, and now, to crown all, comes a "wire" from the Commandant for our beloved officers, Ensign and Mrs. Fraser, to farewell on Sunday. However, like the brave, unselfish warriors they have proved themselves to be, off they go to their new command, Peterboro', smiling cheerfully. Their stay in Ingersoll has been one of arduous toil. They carry with them the respect and best wishes of every class of the community.—Minnie Kennedy.

## Field Officers' Column.

### ENSIGN GALT

#### "Visiting."

The Editor has asked for a few lines on the subject of visiting.

Being naturally of a shy temperament, I am afraid I have not always been so agreeable on this issue as I ought to have been; but still I have endeavored to do my very best in my different stations. I may possibly be able to give a hint or two that will help some comrade entering upon on the battlefield.

#### Have Love.

I think that one of the most important things in visiting is to make the people feel that you really love them and sympathize with them. This is absolutely necessary to success. If we are reserved and cold in manner, we will chill those we long to bless.

#### Tact.

Tact, too, is almost indispensable, and as I have been told before coming into Army warfare, that I was lacking in this characteristic, have prayed for it, and would advise any comrade to do the same. We must always remember that we can't deal with everyone alike, and this discernment, and also tact, is surely wisdom.

#### Go Quickly.

I think we should immediately burst upon anyone who seems down-hearted or disengaged a word that will do them more good than half-a-dozen visits, perhaps, at another time. If any comrade you bear is a little wrong over anything, go to them at once, even if it is late and one feels tired. It is best to go, and sometimes dangerous to wait till the next day, as the devil may get a tremendous advantage, even in a few hours.

#### Be Straight.

Always let us be straight in dealing with people, but oh, let us deal in love. When we look at ourselves, I think we are more apt to see ourselves with a desire for recognition for others. It is easy to wound and break hearts, but sometimes desperately hard to bind them up; easy to push a discouraged soul to the wall, but hard to lift him up again.

#### Be Brief.

Don't stay too long, because we lessen our influence, and sometimes do as much harm as good in this way. besides, time is valuable, and we have no business to waste, either our own or other people's. Personally, I feel that visiting is one of the most important features of our work. There is nothing that can take the place of personal dealing—nothing. Being true to the fact that I am not as successful a visitor as some others are, I feel a little bit like shifting the responsibility of writing on the subject upon somebody else's shoulders, but yet, after all, God has given great blessing to me in this, as in other, ways, and I attribute a great part of the victory He has given me to endeavoring to be faithful in visiting, as well as in the meetings and business portion of the work. That Jesus will help us more than ever to rededicate the time, and to live to bless others, prays yours in His service,

E. GALT, Ensign.

### A HOST OF VISITORS.

NEWCASTLE.—Our congregations are larger. On Wednesday we had with us Brother Tucker, and on Saturday Brother Storrie. Numbers all around will be well acquainted with these brothers. On Sunday we had that wonderful Captain Byers, who is following the advice sometimes given to young men, and going west. He was converted at the corps, and was a soldier for some time, and as a consequence many were glad to see him. We also had with us Capt. L. Larder. Then again we had with us on Sunday Sgt. and Mrs. Logan, of Preston.—Carrie Reeves, L. & L. B.

### Who Goes There?

### SPARKS FOR SPOKANE.

A halleujah printer, with a box of envelopes for the new Headquarters. God bless him. He only charged us four bits for the lot.

—!!!!—

John Chinaman, with two baskets of vegetables on a pole over his shoulder, should—very cheaply,

—!!!!—

Capt. Ramsell and Lieut. Ziebarth, with their weekly reports, who say they had a good time on the Fourth. Ice cream and glory, and a good crowd.

—!!!!—

U. S. mail man next, with new War Cry and letter from Great Pals, from the Captain, who says someone broke into their quarters while they were away to council at Helena and stole all their money. God save the mean sinner who would be so vile as to steal God's holy money. What will we have to say at the judgment bar of God?

—!!!!—

W. U. Telegraph boy with a telegram. I won't say what it was, but I wouldn't be writing this if I hadn't seen him.

—!!!!—

A man with a wagon load of fur-

—: THE:—  
**OVER-SEA-COLONY.**

**A SOCIAL CATECHISM.**

Copy of a Dispatch Received from the General by the Commandant.

By THE GENERAL

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

14. But will not some of the agriculturists, if they succeed on a small piece of land, be anxious to obtain a larger portion?

Unquestionably; and where men have proved their fitness and success in cultivating a small portion, there can be no objection to their having a large portion on conditions which will tend to their interest in particular and the community in general.

15. But is it not probable that many will be quite outside the Colony altogether, and take a free grant altogether, which they can get from the Government?

I have no doubt they will, and if they will succeed they will benefit themselves, gratify the Government, and make a way for some one else to fill their place in the Colony.

16. The last question suggests the further enquiry as to what ground you have for expecting to retain the people on the Colony after having been at the expense of bringing them; is it not probable that they will take the first opportunity of leaving you?

Well, it is tolerably certain that a small proportion will prefer to try their fortunes elsewhere, but of these only a slight percentage will go before having repaid all that we have expended upon them. For instance, they will have at least earned the cost of their training before leaving England, and, until they have repaid that, it is hardly probable that they will desert the settlement before having earned their passage money and all that has been expended upon them since landing, so that if they leave out of our debt there will be no particular loss to the Colony, especially if they remain in it.

CHAPTER VI.

**Economical Aspect.**

1. But will not the working of this scheme be very costly?

It will certainly require a considerable outlay at the start, especially if it is to be carried out on an extensive scale, but it will nevertheless prove it in the end the most economical method, on the one hand to Great Britain of helping the poor, and on the other hand to the Colony in securing desirable emigrants. The chief purpose for which money is required is simply as capital.

2. How do you expect the people are going to repay that which you expend upon them?

1. As has been said, the money expended upon them in London will be largely repaid before leaving.

2. The cost of outfit, if any, and passage money to the settlement will be entered upon them as a debt which will be repaid by the surplus of their earnings over the cost of their rations and lodgings.

3. When this has been repaid, the surplus will be entered in their favor against furniture, cottage, and other things that they will require. These things will be the property until paid for; after that, all transactions will be very much in cash or kind, debt, as far as possible, being not only discounted but disallowed.

4. Will you try to discourage the growth of the evil of borrowing the money, so prevalent in new countries? In which case, how would you proceed?

Certainly; and to accomplish this we should warn all money-lenders, or their agents, off the Colony, and ren-



Tune—"Thou Shepherd of Israel and mine," S.A.M., Vol. I, No. 103.

Lord, fill me with all that is good, And make me all glorious within; Touch all I possess with Thy Blood, And give me full victory o'er sin. Life's out-of-sight statue may be deep, But is there not cleansing for me? Thy Image and Nature I seek, Lord, make me like as Thee.

I know Thou hast pardoned the past, And now, Lord, to Thee I belong; To keep me well saved to the last, Thy arm of salvation is strong. In trouble, most precious Thon art, My care upon Thee I can roll; Thy love is the joy of my heart, Thy blood is the life of my soul.

Thy face to my spirit reveal, In thee, Lord, my soul doth delight; Faith like me Thy presence to feel, Thy smile makes life's darkest hours bright.

Were I poor and losses my lot, I love Thee too much to repine; In Thee, Lord, a fortune I've got, For all that Thou hast, Lord, is mine.

THE LATE COL. PEARSON.

Tunes—"All things are possible to Him," B.J., No. 56, 3; "Sovereignty," B.J., No. 220, 1; "Stella," B.J., No. 25, 3; "Euphony," B.J., No. 188, 1.

Jesus, I come just now to Thee, Thy patient love has brought me home;

Too long I've strayed with careless feet

That loved in flowery paths to roam;

But now by bitter taste I've learned I need that grace I long have spurned.

Doubts of doubt have gripped my soul And eaten out my pure desires;

Outwardly careless, no one knew My heart was seared with burning fires;

Nothing was real and no one good— I could not trust them when I would.

Shame and remorse would bid me stray And hold me back from seeking Thee;

But, breaking through them, Lord, I pray:

Oh, make me what I long to be; Destroy this awful unbelief, And from my bondage give relief.

Help me to conquer in the strife, Triumphant over every ill;

The ruling passion of my life—

My meat and drink—do to Thy will!

It shall be so. At any cost

In this my will henceforth is lost.

Tune—"Cleansing for me," B.J., 45, 2. Weary backslider, come now to the Cross,

Come, come away!

All that has hindered you, count it but dross;

Come, come away!

Stay not to parley with self or with the world;

Jesus is bidding you salvation win;

Haste to the Fountain, oh, haste and plunge in,

Come, come away!

Think of the time when the Saviour you loved,

Think of it now!

Think, oh, how precious He then to you proved,

Think of it now!

Our transactions null and void so far as we could.

CHAPTER VII.

**The Advantages to the Country Selected for the Over-Sea-Colony.**

The worldwide popularity of the

**Press Pickings.**

**AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.**

THE HAMILTON TIMES, of July 10th, mentions that the War Cry contained the photo of Mr. Nicholas Davis, of that city, with an original song composed by him.

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THE GREAT FALLS, MONTANA, STATEMENT states that while Captain and Mrs. Gillette were out visiting, a thief broke into the quarters and stole \$10.

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IN the WINNIPEG DAILY TRIBUNE we read that Major Bennett has left for Newpaw to open a four days' camp.

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THE FREDERICKTON FARMER, of July 13th, contains a host of local news about the S. A., including the farewell meetings of Captain Byers, who takes charge of Lippincott Street, Toronto.

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THE MANITOBA SEMI-WEEKLY FREE PRESS, of July 14th, complements the Portage in Prairies commands on their systematic manner of conducting their camp meetings and spoke very favorably of the effort. It is worthy of note that seven papers quote from the Assistant Editor's recent War Cry of "Don of Army work in London, Ontario.

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THE MONTREAL DAILY WITNESS for July 15th contains the photo and a very accurate description of the career and death of our dear, departed Major Jewer. We extend our hand of fellowship towards the sympathizing editor of this most enterprising and upright paper.



**G. B. M. P. A. SCOBELL**

**Limelight Views—“By George, I Never —” Crowds.**

After leaving St. Thomas, Captain Scobell, the G. B. M. Provincial Agent, journeyed on to Ridgeton where a good crowd of three or four hundred stood as if spell-bound, while the beautiful and impressive scenes were thrown upon the canvas. One man especially, who was never in an Army meeting, was dumbfounded. The following remark was made by some one there. "By George, I never had any idea the Army was doing such a work as that." Highgate for the next half; good time. Blandheim. — The Captain did a good stroke here; enrolled an Auxiliary, being the second one for the week, and got several donations one man giving him \$5. Saturday night had quite an exciting time. Went up to the station to get some things which were needed. Found that the train had not been sent through from Fargo, but the Captain was equal to the emergency; hired a "very rig, and went off to Fargo. Made quick time and showed to an appreciative audience. Tilbury was the next place. It being Monday night, stores were all closed, and very few people about. Had a good crowd and collection. Lemington, Staples, and Comber, all received a visit in their order. Comber Friday. Is the open-air a crowd of about three hundred stood around, collection good—G. Stevenson, Lieut.

(Continued.)

